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Child's Play.

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CHILD'S PLAY

By E. V. B.

" Deep meaning lieth oft in childish play."

Schiller.

LONDON:

SAMPSON LOW, SON & CO. 47, LUDGATE HILL.

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QUAM NUSQUAM ILLUMINA

LITTLE BOY BLUE.

ITTLE boy blue, come, blow me your horn,
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow's in the corn.

Where is the little boy tending the sheep?
Under the haycock fast asleep—
Will you awake him? no not I;
If I do, he'll be sure to cry.

LADY-COW, LADY-COW.

LADY-COW, Lady-cow,
Fly away home!
Thy house is on fire,
Thy children are flown,

All but a little one
Under a stone:
Fly thee home, lady-cow,
Ere it be gone.

TOM TICKLER.

ERE we are on Tom Tickler's ground,
Picking up Gold and Silver!
'Mong daisies and lilies
And daffadowndillies.
Oh! who wouldn't be a delver?

CUCKOO.

UCKOO! cherry tree,
Catch a bird, and give it me,
Let the tree be high or low,
Let it hail, or rain, or snow.

PUSSY-CAT MEW.

USSY-CAT mew jump'd over a coal,
And in her best petticoat
Burnt a great hole.
Pussy-cat mew
Shall have no more milk,
Till her best petticoat's
Mended with silk.

WEE WILLIE WINKIE.

EE Willie Winkie
Runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs
In his night gown;

Tapping at the window,
Crying at the lock,
"Are the babes in their beds,
For it's now ten o'clock?"

MY LADY'S DAUGHTER.

RAW a pail of water
For my Lady's daughter.
Father's a King,
Mother's a Queen,
My two little Sisters are dressed in green,
Stamping marigolds and parsley.

THE LITTLE PIPERS.

ERE we come a-piping,
First in Spring, and then in May;
The Queen she sits upon the sand,
Fair as a lily, white as a wand;
King John has sent you letters three,
And begs you'll read them unto me.

CURLY LOCKS.

URLY locks, Curly locks,
Wilt thou be mine,
Thou shalt not wash dishes
Nor yet feed the swine,
But sit on a cushion, and
Sew a gold seam,
And feed upon Strawberries,
Sugar, and Cream.

PEEP-PEEP.

HAVE a little sister,
They call her Peep-peep,
She wades through the waters,
Deep, deep, deep.
She climbs up the mountains,
High, high, high ;
This poor little creature
She has but one eye.

THE WATCH DOGS BARK.

ARK! Hark!
The watch dogs bark,
The beggars are coming to town,
Some in rags, and some in jags,
And some in velvet gown.

MARY, MARY, QUITE CONTRARY.

ARY, Mary, quite contrary,
How does your garden grow?
With cockle shells
And silver bells,
And pretty maids all of a row.

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR.

WINKLE, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are;
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

THE WISH.

H that I were where I would be!
Then should I be where I am not;
But where I am, there I must be,
And where I would be I can not.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

OUR corners to my bed,
Four Angels round my head;
One to watch,
Two to pray,
One to bear my soul away.